THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840].

"*Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof; when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?*"—JOB. 38: 4-7.

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THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS.

BY PRESIDENT LEVI EDGAR YOUNG OF THE SWISS MISSION.

"Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
The silent snow possessed the earth,
And calmly fell our Christmas eve.

The yule clog sparkled keen with frost,
No wing of wind the region swept,
But over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost.

As in the winters left behind,
Again our ancient games had place,
The mimic picture's breathing grace,
And dance and song and hoodman-blind."

TENNYSON'S "MEMORIAM."

"I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year."

"I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time."

"It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, for its mighty founder was a child Himself."

"Christmas is the holiday of the year that brings the whole human family into common communion. The only time in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem, by one consent, to open their shut-up hearts freely."

Selections from the works of CHARLES DICKENS.

Christmas is the one time in the year that all Christian people delight to honor. It is a time when one looks back upon one's past and sees the mistakes, the failures, the successes of life. For it is a day of charitable feelings, and one craves that mercy from all which is such a consolation to the soul of man. The happiest periods of our lives lie back in those days when we believed that Santa Claus was a real, live man, and that on the eve of Christmas day, he would leave his home far in the north and make a journey around the world in a single night. Every home would be visited, and how strange it was to us when we always received the very things that we asked for. Years after, we found that our childish dreams were all a mistake, and Christmas lost some of its charms. But in those dreams of Christmas eve was to be found a beautiful lesson for both old and young. Our thoughts were always centered upon something mysterious, and we drew nearer to the Lord and listened to the words of our Savior with more willingness. Who does not remember the old story?

"'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there."

We went to our beds in those days with such happy thoughts. We stole quietly to the old fireplace in the morning and discovered toys and good things. Our thoughts were pure because they were innocent. They were on something higher, because the petty things of life were yet unknown. They were the Christmases of childhood, and as we look back upon them, a sort of halo is over the scene and we feel to become a child again. They were the home days, and well could we sing:

"When the golden-rod has withered, and the maple leaves are red,
When the robin's nest is empty, and the cricket's prayers are said,
In the silence and the shadow of the swiftly hastening fall
Come the dear and happy home days, days we love the best of all.

Oh, the dear face of the mother, as she tucks the laddies in,
Oh, the big voice of the father, heard o'er all the merry din;
Home and happy, homely loved ones, how they weave their spell around
Heart and life and creed and memory, in the farmstead's holy ground."

The grand and noble thought that Christmas holds is embodied in the thought of the child. To him it is a time when the scoldings and the corrections are put aside, and he stands as a sort of free individual. The parlor and dining room become a centre of excitement and happiest fun, and if you ask him what day it is he tells you that it is the Christ day. Press him further and he explains how Jesus came into the world to tell all people to be good. Just to be good! Here is the admonition of the Christmas day. In this great age, we have forgotten these simple Anglo-Saxon words in the light

of the ethics of Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, and Spencer. It is the children's motto, and Jesus said no more than these few words when He had once established His Church and had taught the plan of salvation to His followers. Every word that He uttered, every thought He had to teach His children was that the philosophy of all life and eternal happiness is to be found in this one little sentence: Just be good.

Christmas has a great meaning, for it is the symbol of all good things pertaining to this life. It is held as a holiday in honor of our Savior. Should it not be a sacred day? It is a time when new thoughts, new motives should permeate our very being, a time when we should forgive and be forgiven. The words of Jesus as He spoke to His disciples on the Mount should come into our hearts as new rays of living light. Could any teachings be sweeter than His? "Blessed are the poor in Spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. . . . Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. . . . Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you. . . . Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his rightousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

These words are a lesson for the heart. They are the words of God to His children for all times, and were they followed out in every-day life, the world would need no more armies, there would be no more killing the human race in the name of civilization. Where we are lacking in this great age of learning and advancement lies in the fact that we are just as far behind the times in morals as we are ahead in intelligence. The truest life is the life that lives for all; the one who learns because of his love of learning, the one who lives because life is a glorious opportunity. I imagine that the Savior learned many of His fundamental doctrines in the workshop of His Father. No doubt He would often talk to His mother and comfort her with the words of eternal life and happiness. So I take it that Jesus laid down the law of all true civilization, that the home is the centre, and from it should radiate all light and understanding. Had all homes been like the one of Jesus, Rome would not have had her thousands of soldiers; Cæsar's ideal would not have been to conquer a world. If every home were a place where all law is the law of God, our armies would soon be a thing of the past, and honor and manhood would be supreme. So the thoughts that naturally arise in our hearts at the Christmas time should be allowed to grow and become a part of our natures. Our natures then could be brought in tune with the Infinite.

When we stop to consider that this day is held in commemoration of the birth of Jesus, we can really see that our ideals and actions have gone far astray. Who is it that keeps Christmas as a holy day? Who is it that makes it a day of the soul's better feelings? How many of us are willing to lay aside our silks and satins and take up our cross and follow the Master. Think of

our civilized nations spending millions of dollars every year to keep up their armies and navies. Who is it that has forgotten self in the love of humanity? Could we keep our Christmas feelings by us all the time, every child would eat and feel that life has something sweet. If we could but follow out the words of Julia Ward Howe!

> In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
> With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me.
> As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.

It is our hearts that need educating, it is the soul that needs new hopes and ambitions. Human nature is about the same all over the world, and we are all mere children in one sense of the term; children who are trying to solve the world problems, trying to find out the secrets of God. For six thousand long years, men have been wanderers in a sinful world. They have all forgotten that in the beginning our fathers were righteous and pure men, who communed and talked with God, and received light, understanding, and wisdom from His holy throne. The history of the race has not been from an inferior type to a superior, but quite the reverse. Could we read the story of all the past, we would find that man was once a superior being, but through the sin of our first parents, he has become the selfish creature that he is. The world's history has been a terrible one. The fame of Egypt, Chaldea, Persia, Assyria, Greece and Rome was purchased at the price of millions of God's children and a terrible degradation of the human race. The law of love was supplanted by the law of hate, man existed but he did not live. The teachings of Moses, Abraham, Jeremiah, Isaiah, and many other servants of God permeated the human heart only to the extent that there were people who had an eye on the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. The others were children of the night, and it was true what Jesus said on the cross: Father, they know not what they do. They could not understand the mission of Jesus. "I am the way, the truth, and the life," said He, and He showed to a dying world that the redemption of the soul is possible. He spoke with a poor, humble man, commissioned of God, and said: "You will please baptize me, in order to fulfill all righteousness," and after He had received this holy ordinance, He taught the simple, pure Gospel of the Father to mankind. There was no hate, no crudeness, no bitterness, no sorrow or unhappiness in that Gospel. It was laden with the spirit of love, peace, mercy and justice. There was no ambition to become a lord of worldly affairs. The will of Jesus was the will of the Father. "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me," and this was His life's attitude until He was nailed to a cross between two thieves. That was a divine Gospel, but it was placed in the hands of men who finally dealt with it roughly. The saddest story of all history is that the children of God crucified the Only Begotten, and then followed it up by crushing out of the world the plan of salvation. The Muse of history will weep over it for all time to come. Nineteen hundred years have passed since Jesus uttered the words: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," and yet in the life of each generation a thousand million of souls are lost without it. To-day a great crisis in the history of our race has been reached, for that same Gospel plan that Jesus taught has been restored to earth. It is the only thing that can save the world from dire disaster. The Gospel has wrapped up in it the

solution of all the industrial, social, political, religious, and moral problems of the age. Philosophers and statesmen have struggled hopelessly and are still struggling to bring man to a realization of his equality with man, but there is no solution, there is no triumph, for the peace of to-day gives way to the struggle of to-morrow. What is the fundamental key-note then to the solution of all the world problems? It lies in the lesson of Christmas. Christmas is the children's day, it is the day of all days when innocence and sweetness pervades the childish heart, and Jesus said: "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." The world has lost its innocent sweetness, its gentleness, and above all its love for mankind. We have not kept the command of Jesus, for we all testify to the truth of these words:

"The mighty forces of mysterious space
Are one by one subdued by lordly man.
The awful lightnings that for eons ran
Their devastating and untrammeled race,
Now bear his messages from place to place
Like carrier-doves. The winds lead on his van.
The lawless elements no longer can
Resist his strength, but yield with sullen grace.
His bold feet scaling heights before untrod—
Light, darkness, air and water, heat and cold,
He bids go forth and bring him power and pelf.
And yet, though ruler, king and demigod,
He walks with his fierce passions uncontrolled,
The conqueror of all things—save himself."

This is the trouble. We are pursuing our daily lives with passions uncontrolled, conquerors of all things save ourselves; but until we become the masters of our thoughts and actions, there can be no real Christianity, and the Christmas day will be but a custom and form in keeping with all other conventionalities. The Christmas day should be a grand and noble lesson to the soul; it should be an expression of all that is best in man. Our thoughts and our beings should be in harmony with God. The better angels of our natures should touch our heart strings and direct our feelings. If Christmas is the Christ day, then the children who observe it should be the Christ's children. This so-called Christian world is praying daily: "Thy Kingdom come," but the kingdom of God will never come until we work for it and prepare ourselves for its reception. It is time for the race to awake. God has again spoken from the heavens. The admonition "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel" has again been received. It is for us the living to tremble at this great command and to let the Christmas day teach us that Christ's holy law must be obeyed. Let us catch the thought, let us sense deeply the meaning of it; and when the bells in the great church towers are ringing in praise of the birth of Jesus and also sounding the death knell of another year, may we sing with Tennyson:

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, and frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out wild bells and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CHRISTMAS EVE REFLECTIONS.

BY BISHOP ORSON F. WHITNEY IN HIS "POETICAL WRITINGS."

THAT a God died for us is a glorious thought; a sublime poem; a picture all the more splendid for the awful gloom of its tragic back-ground. That He is coming to reign visibly over the earth; to assume His divine prerogative and royal right; to reap the right fruition of the great sacrifice sown in Time's meridian, is an idea scarcely less awe-inspiring and illustrious. As lamb then, meek and lowly; as lion now, in kingly majesty and warrior might. No poem reads like that wondrous pilgrimage from Bethlehem to Calvary. No masterpiece of the limner's art, no gorgeous coloring of nature could hint the grandeur and glory of that triumphal entry—the conquering march of Christ as He cometh into His kingdom.

On the morrow all Christendom will blaze with light and ring with joy and melody. Mirth and festivity will go hand in hand. Churches and cathedrals will throng with eager worshippers, the solemn organ will roll, bells peal, and choirs resound, and the pulpits of many lands pour forth in tones of thunderous rapture the praises of the crucified Nazarene, while in homes innumerable, in princely palace and in peasant cot, millions on millions bow the reverent knee, confessing Him as Christ, as Savior, as King of kings.

'Tis well, for so it should be. Worthy, thrice worthy is the Lamb. But oh, the chasm, the contrast, between the Then and Now! But yesterday an outcast, a wanderer, with not where to lay his head; to-day the honored guest of myriad homes. Once smitten, cursed and spat upon; now worshipped, wept and glorified. A man of sorrows then, whom few would follow; a God of nations now, whom popes and princes praise, and multitudes revere. A cross—a crown! So turns Time's wheel. So runs the world away.

'Tis well to correct an error of our sires. 'Tis better to commit no error of our own. Wise is it to commemorate the past, but wiser still to honor and improve the present. The glowing eulogies of Yesterday should not be written in the life-blood of To-day. The tomb of a dead prophet may well be garnished, but the dungeon of a living prophet should not frown upon the sacred scene.

A strange perversity, that worships ever at the shrine of the antique, and neglects or desecrates the altars of modern thought; attempting to warm its withered hands over the dead ashes of bygone days, while ignoring or striving to extinguish the new-lit fires of inspiration. So eager to revive the old; so loth to accept the new. The tendency of carnal thought is ever backward. Even Jesus was deemed by many a dead prophet risen again, rather than a new messenger with a mightier mission and a more glorious destiny than all His predecessors to fulfill.

Why, oh why look backward for salvation—deifying the lifeless letter, crucifying the living oracle? Why face the setting, in lieu of the rising sun? Why sigh for the flesh-pots of Egypt? Sweeter far are the milk and honey of Canaan. The past with its dead works cannot save. A living faith in the present and future alone suffices for man's great need.

Believest thou the prophets of the past? They bespeak the prophets of the present and future, and the best wine of the feast is reserved till the last. Each truth that appears is as a golden wedge widening the gap for a greater truth to follow. Each principle revealed testifies: "There cometh one after me whose shoe-latchet I am not worthy to unloose."

Forward, not backward, be our motto; the future, not the past, our hope. Remember Lot's wife. Look ahead! The stars that lit the night are paling. A greater orb is near. From your watch-towers scan the East. Out of the West comes not the Morn.

NEWS OF THE GREAT WEST.

(Condensed from our Utah Exchanges).

Bishop Abiel Leonard of the Episcopal church in Utah, died December 3rd, at Salt Lake City.

Professor Orson Pratt, a leading musician of Utah, died at Ogden, December 9th. Deceased was the son of Elder Orson Pratt, one of the original Council of Twelve.

The strike situation at the coal mines of eastern Utah necessitated, at last report, the presence of the National Guard to prevent intimidation and trouble. There are said to be only three Americans among the strikers.

On December 8th, President Joseph F. Smith and other officers of the Utah Sugar company visited and inspected the new factory at Idaho Falls, and laid the corner stone of another factory at Sugar City, Fremont county, Idaho.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1903.

EDITORIAL.

CHRISTMAS AND ITS OBSERVANCE.

FAR back in heathen times the people of northern Europe, observing the sun recede each winter farther and farther into the southern sky, taking from them daylight and warmth, fixed on the time when the recession ended and their god began to draw nearer to them again to bless them with his light. According to their observations this was on the 25th of December. Naturally it was made a merry day, a day of festival and rejoicing. It was also chosen as a time of special service to their deities, and the ceremonies lasted for a fortnight. Yule was the name they gave this mid-winter feast, and it became with them a most important one.

A century or two after the advent of the Savior, the Christians were found to be observing a day as that of His birth. Whether they had done so from the time of the Apostles is not known. The celebration was irregular, some of the churches at least holding it in April or May. With their knowledge of conditions in Palestine they could not choose mid-winter, for the rains of that season would have prevented shepherds from watching their flocks out in the open fields. When the attempt was made to convert the northern nations to Christianity, the great festival of the winter solstice stood in the way. The Christians by a politic and perhaps wise move overcame the difficulty by fixing on the 25th of December as the time of Christ's mass. They adopted many of the heathen forms of festivity, and as in other matters where their religion came into conflict with the pagan doctrines or usages, they compromised. The heathen certainly gained by the substitution, and as the celebration is only a custom, not having ever been established of God, as was the Sabbath for instance, the change from one part of the year to another is not of vital importance.

Since that early time Christmas has been looked upon with varying degrees of veneration. The Roman Catholic and the early Protestant churches consider it and Easter the holiest days of the year. In places where theaters, horse races and other forms of amusement are carried on without restraint on the Sabbath, they are most strictly prohibited on Christmas. A person who would do work on that day is looked upon as a heathen. The Puritans, on the other hand, when they landed in America, passed a statute to do away with Christmas and to punish those who celebrated it. They remembered its association with heathenism and did not wish it perpetuated in the new world.

Even now in America the day is used by many as a time for amusement and feasting. In Scotland also the regard for Christmas has not been very great, New Years being the important holiday of the year.

Perhaps the mean between these two extremes is the best view to take. Custom has made the day a happy one, a time of gift making, of family reunions, a time of the enjoyment of the good things of life and liberality to the poor. There is no reason for its being made gloomy. The sweet memories of childhood and youth glow with the warmth and good cheer that characterize the day. And yet, we believe that Christmas should not be given over to boisterous enjoyment. Though all students know from history and the Latter-day Saints know from inspiration that the Savior was not born the 25th of December, yet this is the only day of the year that is set apart specially to celebrate that most important event. True, each Sabbath day when we partake of the Lord's Supper, we celebrate His life and death, and we should remember Him every day we live; but the circumstances of His birth, the lowliness of it, the songs of the heavenly choir are brought back to us more distinctly and the lessons of His coming are impressed upon us more deeply by having one day of the year for their celebration.

And while He, whom we honor, has not commanded it, we who love Him above all else on earth or in heaven, our Father only excepted, can well allow the religious side of the day to be uppermost. By meeting together, singing anthems and praises to His name and speaking of how He came to dwell for a brief season among men in the flesh, or by reading over in our own homes the old, old story that grows sweeter with every reading, we can increase the happiness of the day, for our happiness is not completed by satisfying the tastes of the natural man. Can we find pleasures greater than to be carried back through the centuries to Galilee and Judea and behold those scenes so full of love and tragedy? We can stand beside the trembling Mary as she listened to the message of the angel. She was espoused to Joseph and in her innocence had perhaps thought of the mystery of motherhood that would soon be unfolded in her own life. Had she ever dreamed that her first-born should be, not the son of Joseph, but the begotten of God, the Son of the Highest, the King of Jacob forever? Probably not, for, conscious of her virginity, she enquired of the angel, "How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?" We can hear his answer, "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." And we witness her submission: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word."

We may follow her as she went in haste to visit Elizabeth and poured forth to the mother of John that glorious song, "My soul doth magnify the Lord." And then back to Nazareth to await the time of the Christ-child's birth. A few months later we see Joseph and Mary making the slow, toilsome journey to Bethlehem, as they thought, to obey the command of Cæsar, but really that Jesus might be born in the city of His father David, and that His advent might be in the extremity of lowliness. We can imagine the concern of Joseph and the pangs of Mary in her distress when all the places where human beings dwell were closed against them, and they were compelled to seek shelter

with the cattle. In the gloom of the night, far from home and friends, in a stable Mary travailed and was delivered, the Son of God was born. Just a weak, helpless infant He was, and His tiny form wrapped in swaddling clothes was laid in a manger for want of other room, but the position of heavenly bodies altered at His birth and a new star became visible to men, the western half of the world was bathed in light, though the sun had gone to rest, and angels from the courts of glory burst into song that reached even the dull ears of mortals.

He was more than king; He was the Redeemer of the world, the God of Heaven through whom the earth was created; but those who came to the stable to worship Him were the lowly shepherds from the meadow and strangers from a far land. Yet we may consider them the elect of the earth, for with eyes of wonderful faith the wise men had followed the star to Bethlehem, and turned not away but made their costly gifts, though they found their king born of a peasant mother in the sheltering place for beasts. The shepherds, too, were privileged to hear the angel declare, "For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord," and the song of the multitude of the heavenly host: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." We can follow the babe to the temple at Jerusalem, if we will, and hear the blessings and prophecies of Simeon and Anna; and then go with Him in the sudden flight by night down to Egypt to escape Herod's terrible slaughter of the innocents.

Yes, Christmas is a season we may well celebrate in remembrance of our Lord; if not in formal church service at least in our own minds and hearts. And though the human family in general cherishes, it seems, more hate than love for each other, we should be prepared to accept completely the message of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

THE PROPHET'S BIRTHDAY.

NINETY-EIGHT years ago yesterday Joseph Smith, Jun., was born in Sharon, Windsor county, Vermont. It happened to be two days before that on which we celebrate the birth of Jesus, but this was merely a coincidence. In weightier things does the life of the Prophet link itself with that of the Master. Joseph Smith also was born in obscurity and grew up in poverty. Like the Savior he was accustomed to toil. He, too, in early youth found that he must be about his Father's business, for at the age of fourteen he received a visit from the Father and the Son and learned their will. He began his ministry at an earlier age than did Jesus, and during that ministry he realized that "the disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord." He, too, was spat upon, and beaten, hated and reviled by the wicked, and loved by the righteous who knew him. And finally in the prime of manhood he also suffered a martyr's death.

Joseph Smith was a Prophet, a servant of the Lord. He never laid claim to divinity, nor has that attribute ever been ascribed to him. But his mission was divine, for he was commissioned of God. The Saints know that next to the Savior he was the greatest Prophet that ever lived. The world will yet acknowledge that he is the grandest character of modern times.

J. J. C.

After January 1, 1904, all communications relating to the affairs of the European mission should be addressed to President Heber J. Grant, as he assumes charge of all matters on that date.

Arrivals.—The following Elders arrived in Liverpool ex s.s. *Cretic*, Saturday, December 19th, 1903. For Scandinavia—Lehi Jensen, Redmond; George Petersen, Salem, Idaho; Neils C. Christensen, Brigham; Christensen R. Rasmussen, Parley Park; Charles J. Anderson, Grantsville; James Nelson, Sublett. For Great Britain—Daniel T. Stuart, Wellsville; James J. Squires, Salt Lake City; George W. Webster, Kaysville; James Hewitt, Marriott; William Scott, Sandy; Robert C. Kelly, Rockland, Idaho.

Appointments.—The Elders for Great Britain who arrived in Liverpool ex s.s. *Cretic*, Saturday, December 19, 1903, have been assigned to labor as follows: Daniel T. Stuart, Sheffield; James J. Squires, Manchester; George W. Webster, Leeds; James Hewitt, Newcastle; William Scott, Ireland and Robert C. Kelly, Bristol.

Transfers.—Elder Charles T. Richardson of the Birmingham has been transferred to the London conference; Elder Charles B. Briggs from the Sheffield to the Nottingham conference.

Departures.—A company of returning Elders and emigrating Saints left Liverpool per s.s. *Republic*, Thursday, December 17th, 1903, in charge of Elder James H. McDonald. The Elders were Levi S. Andersen, Ole Hansen, Fred. G. Nelsen, William Purdie, John Gilchrist, John H. Wheeler, David S. Thomas, William W. Hendricks, Orange D. Baker, John D. Flamm, James W. Betteridge, William Mathews, David Clark, Roy P. Frost, Robert S. Marchant, Samuel Hunt, John B. Schiess and Christian Hugi.

BREVITIES.

GOOD-BYES.

Someone has described the manner of parting in different lands:

The American and Englishman say: "Good-bye."

The Frenchman: "Au revoir."

The Austrian: "Auf wiedersehen."

The German: "Lebe wohl."

The Dane: "Farvel."

The Swede: "Adjö."

The Turk solemnly crosses hands upon his breast and makes a profound obeisance.

The Russian form of parting salutation is brief, consisting of the single word "Praschal," said to sound like a sneeze.

The genial Jap removes his slipper and says with a smile: "You are going to leave my despicable house in your honorable journeying—regard thee!"

The Hindu falls in the dust at your feet.
The Fiji Islanders cross two red feathers.
The Burmese bend low and say: "Hib! Hib!"
The South Sea Islanders rattle each others whale-teeth necklace.
In the Philippines the parting benediction is bestowed in the form of rubbing one's friend's face with one's hand.

THE NEPHITE CHRISTMAS.

BY ELDER WALTER M. WOLFE OF THE LONDON CONFERENCE.

A TROPICAL day was drawing to its close. Into the western ocean the sun, that a few hours before had parched all nature with his fiery breath, was slowly sinking. As it rested for a moment on the glassy surface of the untroubled waves, a path of gold ran shoreward over the waters. Its dazzling splendor seemed to open the very gates of the Kingdom to those who could look upon its glory. Under the spell of the hour the mighty pyramid temples and the white houses amid the cocoanut palms took an unwonted beauty and animate no less than inanimate creation rendered silent praise to the Author of all things.

The sun sank lower and lower until its orb was buried in the Pacific sea and only its reflection crimsoned the evening clouds, and then a spirit of love, such as had never before been experienced in the memory of man, pervaded the twilight. The money-lender forgot his usury; the thief his spoil. Angry words and fierce oaths died, unuttered, on the lips of the brawlers, and even in the jungle the jaguar thought not to slay the deer; neither the hawk the partridge. There was naught to disturb the heavenly calm. There was only the song of the western wind in the tree-tops, the faint good-night carol of the birds, the fragrance of jasmine and frangipanni, the vesper light, and perfect peace.

From the mountains far inland two men looked down upon the scene. They were foot-sore and travel-stained. Only this morning they had fled for their lives from the wave-kissed city so far below, and where the morrow would find them they knew not. They could but trust in Him whom they loved and served. As He had fed and sheltered His servants of old, so He would protect them, and if He required their lives with joy would they yield that last great sacrifice. Yet they did not see with equal faith for the younger was a convert of the older and the light to him was not yet as clear as it might have been. Therefore he said:

"Why was it, my brother, that when the people would stone thee this morning, because thou did'st declare that the sign of the coming of Christ was nigh, thou did'st the more vehemently declare that the prophecy of Samuel the Lamanite was about to be fulfilled? Thou knowest how these people hate the truth and would kill those who look for the coming of a Savior; then why not hold thy peace in the market place?"

The old man looked with compassion on the boy who, though he had grasped the Gospel knew not its significance, and then answered:

"My son, man's days are long; God's years are very short, and in His own

good time all that He has said by His servants the prophets shall surely come to pass. While for many things no date that human mind can ken is set, yet for the coming of His Son the time has been revealed, and even now His Spirit to my soul bears witness that the hour of redemption is at hand. Listen, my son, to the words of the prophets. It is now five years since Samuel the Lamanite came to this city. I heard him. I believed and I have had great joy ever since, but the priests and people would have none of him. They endeavored to kill him, but he escaped out of their hands and has been seen no more since. Standing by his side I heard him say: 'Behold, I give unto you a sign; for five years more cometh, and behold, then cometh the Son of God to redeem all those who shall believe on his name. And behold this will I give unto you for a sign at the time of his coming; for behold there shall be great lights in the heaven, insomuch that in the night before he cometh there shall be no darkness, insomuch that it shall appear unto man as if it was day, therefore there shall be one day and a night, and a day, ae if it were one day, and there shall be no night; and this shall be unto you for a sign; for ye shall know of the rising of the sun and also of its setting; therefore they shall know of a surety that there shall be two days and a night; nevertheless the night shall not be darkened; and it shall be the night before he is born. And behold there shall a new star arise, such an one as ye never have beheld; and this also shall be a sign unto you. And it shall come to pass that whosoever shall believe on the Son of God, the same shall have everlasting life.' Even now, look! The sun has set and yet the light of noonday, without its shadows, rests upon the valleys. Is it not indeed the promised time."

"True, oh my brother! The light is come. It were foolish of me to doubt, and yet I fain would know why the Son of God must come to earth and be, as you say He must be, a Man among men."

"Let Alma, the judge and prophet answer: 'Behold, I say unto you that I do know that Christ shall come among the children of men, to take upon him the transgressions of his people, and that he shall atone for the sins of the world; for the Lord God hath spoken it. For it is expedient that an atonement should be made; for according to the great plan of the eternal God there must be an atonement made, or else all mankind must unavoidably perish. It is expedient that there should be a great and last sacrifice; yea, not a sacrifice of man, neither of beast, neither of any manner of fowl; for it shall not be a human sacrifice; but it must be an infinite and an eternal sacrifice. There can be nothing which is short of an infinite atonement, which will suffice for the sins of the world.' So, you see, my son, if the Christ be not born, He cannot die; if He do not die, we cannot live. The testimony of floods and earthquake and fire has set the seal of truth on all that the holy men of God have foretold should come to pass. And now He comes to teach and to redeem; for as man has fallen by his own actions; so, through the atonement, his own actions will bring him back into his Father's presence. He comes to set up a kingdom that is righteousness and peace, and even now the Spirit prompts me to go back to the city, where even those who but a few hours ago were so hasty for our blood must recognize the sign of His coming, and prepare men to receive the King in His glory. Come, let us go down."

So the old man and the young man retraced their steps down the rugged

mountain side. But they felt neither hunger, nor thirst, nor fatigue. He, the King, had come. They would go forth and meet Him. Behind them, over the eastern hills, a new star shone even amid the light of day. They heeded it not, for their spirits were aflame with love. They were going down to prepare the Kingdom for the King; but, lo, the Kingdom of God was within them.

THE SACRED TENTH: OR, STUDIES IN ANCIENT TITHE-GIVING.

BY THE REVEREND HENRY LANSDELL, D.D.

XVI. THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE TITHE LAWS OF THE PENTATEUCH.

THERE are some who would have us to believe that the data at our disposal do not enable us to write a history of the Hebrew tithe. But this is no sufficient reason why we should not make the most of the information we have, remembering, however, that the evidence is not primary, direct, and complete, so much as subsidiary, indirect, and fragmentary.

We have not, for instance, throughout the Pentateuch so much as a single chapter, or even a long paragraph, dealing with tithe as a whole. We have had to collect our information mainly from three short passages in Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy; these passages being there introduced, not so much for their own sakes, as for their bearing upon other things.

Thus, the first authoritative statement, in writing, of the great foundation principle that a tenth of the produce of the land, and of beasts, belongs to Jehovah, is not ushered in, as we might expect, with the solemn preamble "The Lord said unto Moses, Speak unto the children of Israel, etc., etc."; but, we see this great truth specifically mentioned for the first time at the end of Leviticus, in a supplementary chapter regulating the making of vows, and determining how far things or animals devoted to God might be redeemed. Here the subject of the tithe comes in, quite incidentally, and without any explanation; and then it is spoken of, not for the purpose of enjoining it as something new, or as though it were not already in use, but in order to exclude the tithe portion from vows, and to prescribe how far and under what conditions, like vows, tithe might be redeemed.

So again, after the rebellion of Korah, when several laws are being given concerning priests and Levites, this first tithe is again introduced, not so much, seemingly, for its own sake, as to show how the Levites, though having no inheritance among the tribes, are to be repaid for their labor by its appropriation to their benefit.

Once more, when we come to the 14th of Deuteronomy, we have a chapter regulating what may be eaten, and what may not be eaten, of beasts, fishes, and fowls, and then follow directions concerning eating before God of the second tithe at an appointed place of worship.

Furthermore, what we are told about tithes is not only fragmentary, but it is also incomplete. The Mosaic law, for instance, does not define particularly what seeds, fruits, or animals are to be tithed. Nor does the legislator give

directions "whether the tenth is to be paid of all newly born animals; whether it includes those newly purchased or exchanged; whether it is payable if a man have less than ten cattle, or at what age of the animals the tithe becomes due." Nor, as already observed, does the law say whether each tithe is to be computed in reference to the whole, or out of what remains after previous tithes have been deducted, nor, again, is it clear whether the second tithe includes a second tenth of all animals.

The law concerning tithe, then, in general, has, in one respect, a close resemblance to the law concerning the Sabbath. When Jehovah promulgated the decalogue, as a statute, or written law, He said "Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy," thereby implying that the commandment was already in existence, or had been enjoined before: and the same might be said of other commandments which were laws of God, and rules of life for man, and for keeping of which Abraham is praised, and for the non-observance of which punishment is recorded, long before God's laws were published on Sinai.

So with regard to Mosaic tithes and offerings, it has already been shown that before the descendants of Jacob left Palestine, it was a well-established custom in Egypt to make regular offerings to the gods, and to pay to the temples first-fruits of the harvest, so that with these customs, at any rate, the Israelites on leaving Egypt would be familiar. They would likewise remember, that two tenths of increase were paid by the Egyptians to Pharaoh who supported the priests, and that by virtue of the legislation of their own ancestor, Joseph, whose bones they were taking up for burial in the land of Canaan at the very time their law was given; whilst as for tithes, how could the Israelites forget the observance of this custom, by their great ancestor Abraham, or fail to remember the vow of his grandson Israel, "Of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto Thee"?

These things, presumably, must have been to them as household words, and hence there can be little doubt that the inspired legislator adopted the already existing practice of tithe-giving, and inserted it in the statute law of the divine code, because he found that with some modification, this ancient payment might be made a proper stipend for the servants and officers of the theocracy, and also that second and third tithes might furnish the means for promoting regular worship at the national sanctuary, and foster social intercourse and good feeling between rich and poor.

We have thus reached, as already suggested, a higher platform than any upon which we have yet stood. We have emerged from the clouds of probability and conjecture concerning the origin of tithe-giving to see the custom recognised, regulated, and embodied in what has been generally accepted as the most ancient code of written laws in existence.

It is claimed for this code that it was written by inspiration of the God of Israel, of Whom Jews and Christians alike believe that He never yet made a law that was unjust or unwise, or that did not tend to His people's happiness. If, then, God has given laws upon tithe-giving, they are sure to be worthy of at least our respectful study, and we accordingly shall proceed, in subsequent papers, to examine the working of these laws among the Israelites from their entrance into Canaan down to the close of Old Testament history.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

A wonderful tree is the Christmas tree,
That blossoms and bears one night in the year;
There's nothing on earth that's fairer to see
Than its branches laden with love and cheer.

Deep down in the heart of love are its roots,
Fostered and nourished by friendship and love,
Whose outward expression glows in the fruits
So tenderly 'mong its branches inwove.

It stands in the room with its long green arms
That yesterday waved in the wintry storm,
Now bending beneath the gifts and the charms
Expressing the love of hearts tender and warm.

And now from the branches a hundred lights stream,
Increasing the joy of the gay, youthful band,
Till it all seems more like a pleasant dream,
Or a bit transplanted from Fairyland.

Ah, happy are they who at Christmastide,
At peace with their fellows, with God reconciled;
Can find in their homes, and their hearts beside,
The presence and love of their dear Christ-child.

SELECTED.

DIED.

HETHERINGTON.—Robert Riston Hetherington, son of John and Isabella Hendry Hetherington, born December 25, 1900; died on October 28th, 1903, at West Hartlepool.

OWENS.—Ruth Wilson Owens, daughter of Harry and Margaret Wilson Owens, born July 9th, 1901; died November 10th, 1903, at Middlesbro.

BROWN.—Charlotte Miriam Brown, daughter of Charles and Elizabeth Taylor Brown; born March 12th, 1903; died November 23rd, 1903, at Darlington.

OWENS.—Harry Wilson Owens, son of Harry and Margaret Wilson Owens; born June 15th, 1903; died November 30th, 1903, in Middlesbro.

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